

# The Floating Tinder Box.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 13 to 15  
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office  
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 15,640.

## THE FLOATING TINDER BOX.

A rigid governmental inspection keeps the boilers of the harbor excursion boats safe and reduces to a minimum the risk of accident from weakness of hull or other defect of sea-going qualities. The law provides for life-boats and fire appliances.

But such an inspection takes no account of the tinder-box nature of the superstructure of such craft. It fixes no penalties for insecure upper decks or the layer upon layer of paint on old woodwork. It ignores the presence of inflammable material which a coal from the fire-boxes or a spark from a pipe may ignite.

Nor does it secure under penalty the presence on the spot of trained men ready to put to instant use the fire bucket and hose provided. The law cannot satisfactorily prescribe that human vigilance which is the best preventive of disaster.

But at least it should be able to abolish the conditions of inflammability which invite it. It should be able to order a more efficient patrol on excursion craft and to that extent reduce the gravity of fire peril.

There have been two instances within a year of ferry-boats afire in midstream, on one of which it was impossible to subdue the flames except by proceeding full speed ashore. Attention was called at the time to the grave risk run through the absence of adequate fire-fighting apparatus.

The Gen. Slocum horror, which realizes what the ferry-boats escaped by sheer good fortune, will have served one good end if it prompts an investigation to devise a greater measure of security to the innumerable thousands whose lives may be in peril of a similar fate on tinder-box craft.

What the Iroquois disaster accomplished in diminishing the risks undergone by theatre-goers the burning of the Gen. Slocum should do for all who go on harbor or river excursions hereafter.

## TROLLEY ACCIDENT ECONOMY.

The New York City Railway Company announces that beginning July 1 its law department will be divided into two distinct branches, to one of which will be intrusted the sole duty of defending accident cases. The road intends also to request the Supreme Court to set aside parts of various trial terms for the exclusive hearing of such cases.

In these simple statements lies perhaps the strongest testimony yet added to the increase of the trolley peril. Considering that of the 528 persons killed in the streets last year by vehicles of all kinds fully one-half were trolley car victims, the company's course will seem to be justified.

But why not save some of the expense of a costly legal staff by using a vigilance for the prevention of accidents equal to that exercised to defeat the court cases arising from them?

If the hand brakes by which the heavier cars are only partly held in control were replaced by power brakes; if there were a better equipment of fenders; if extra conductors were employed—if these and other equally obvious precautions were taken to avert accident its risk could be greatly lessened.

Would not such preventive measures prove decidedly more profitable to the road in the end than expensive and continuous litigation? The lesson of the transfer fight, which was that the concessions wrung from the company by the public could more cheaply have been granted in the beginning, would appear to be applicable to accident cases.

**Staten Island Ferry Prospects.**—The further delay which postpones anew the opening of an improved ferry service to Staten Island will hardly serve as a general argument in favor of municipal ownership. Private enterprise could have accomplished long ago what is still in the air as the result of various and continuous disagreements.

## BOYS AND MANUAL TRAINING.

Nearly 350 boys of this year's graduating classes in the New York grammar schools have applied for admission to the Hewitt High School of Mechanic Arts, to be opened next September. The fact is eloquent of the great place which the new institution will come to fill in the public educational system of the city.

A dozen other American cities have their manual training high schools—Philadelphia and San Francisco have two each. The Hewitt will be New York's first, but by the time its doors swing open the necessity of providing companion establishments in very quick order will undoubtedly be manifest.

It is the aim of the manual training school to turn boyish energies from the channels of destruction to those of construction; to provide an educational employment which shall be more interesting than mischief; to add to the "sound mind in a sound body" the priceless possession of the trained hand; to impress upon the understanding at its most plastic period not only the details of work, but the application of ideas and principles.

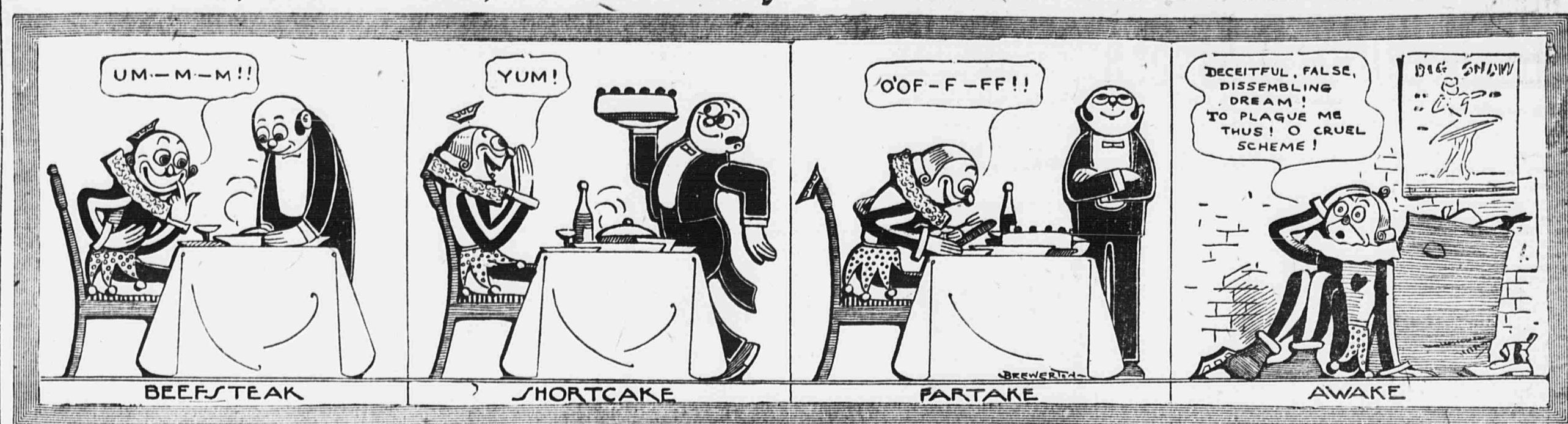
A recent news item told how the Japanese Naval Office sent a ship out of harbor, guided her thirty miles out to sea and brought her back to a new harbor, all by the use merely of steering orders sent by wireless telegraph. Men who could do this had learned more than the mere trade of seamanship. They were trained to meet emergencies and to adapt fresh means to old ends. Like faculties can be developed in the pursuit of any useful employment. They will come as the acquired wealth of the boys who take faithful advantage of such training as the Hewitt school and its followers will afford.

## NO TIME TO LOSE.

The fight for free baths at Coney Island seems almost won, and the outlook for a great seaside park there commensurate with the needs of the Greater City grows daily brighter.

The present administration can leave behind it no better memorial of municipal improvement than will be furnished by this double provision for public comfort and public health. It is a work which has been too long delayed in the preliminaries of preparation. It should now be carried through with all the despatch possible, and the surf bathing pavilion at least made available before the summer is over.

# Jack, the Jester, Whose Merry Pranks Are Told in Four Words



## The Importance of Not Being Earnest

By  
Nixola Greeley-Smith.



There has been a great deal of comment recently on the prevailing epidemic of homicide and suicide among lovers—not only among the star-crossed variety, for apparently the desire for self-immolation is as likely to strike those whose love has prospered and been realized as those who have loved madly but in vain.

People are still wondering why the Mayor of Baltimore to commit suicide just after he had married the woman of his choice, whom he had courted for seven years.

Yesterday's paper told the stories of a young wife who committed suicide on her husband, whom she suspected of neglecting her and of a jilted lover who drank in poison the health of his recalcitrant sweetheart and fell dead at her wedding feast.

There have been numberless other tragedies of late due to the working of that passion which, if we judge it by these results, should be deemed the most untender of all. And these, and all the love tragedies which have happened since the beginning of time, prove the importance of not being in earnest—that is, not too much in earnest—when one falls in love. It is the persons who take their pleasures sadly, their love affairs seriously, who are apt to develop suicidal or homicidal tendencies when things go wrong.

Of course, some people would claim that they are naturally of such tender, earnest disposition as to preclude the taking their affairs of the heart in any other way.

But as a matter of fact, the tragic attitude is largely one of cultivation. It is possible as well as advisable for every one in love to realize that, however charming and absorbing the beloved object, there was a time when one got along very well without him or her, and that if necessary one might do it again.

To admit that all our hopes, joys and interests are centered in another human being is to confess that we are nothing in ourselves—an admission that the humblest lover, man or woman, would be securely willing to make.

There are times, to be sure, in the lives of most men and women when it really seems as if they are thus absolutely dependent on others. They vow, protest that the world without the beloved object would be a dreary desert. And it is well enough to do so provided in their innermost hearts they know it isn't so. There is an intellectual life, lived by all men and women who think and read, which may submit to the temporary influence of another mind, but is never owned by it.

It is the life of absorbing interest long before we wake to the dull of love and it survives it. The trouble with the persons who take love too seriously is that they let something which, if properly controlled, might sadden or gladden, but would never madden them, degenerate into a monomania. That is why the question as to whether love is insanity is so often answered in the affirmative—and correctly answered.

Love that leads human beings to suicide or murder cannot be otherwise classified.

No one need have this mania in its acute and dangerous form who does not deliberately abandon himself to it. And the best way to avoid it is to realize in the very midst of our most throbbing experiences that we are not—we must not be—too much in earnest.

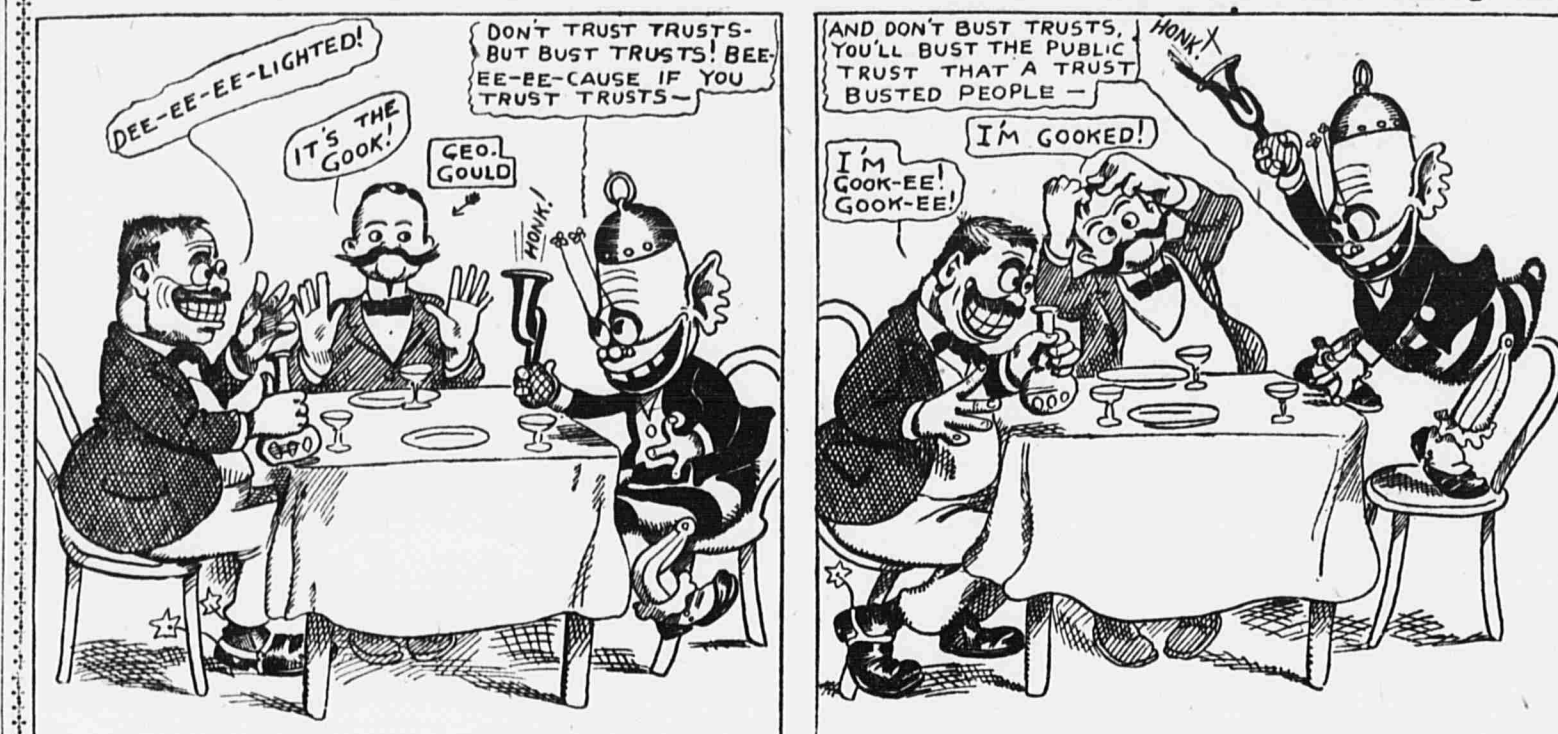
There are times when a man brings to suicide or murder cannot be otherwise classified.

No one need have this mania in its acute and dangerous form who does not deliberately abandon himself to it. And the best way to avoid it is to realize in the very midst of our most throbbing experiences that we are not—we must not be—too much in earnest.

There are times when a man brings to suicide or murder cannot be otherwise classified.

## The Great American GOOK, Keep Your Eye on Him.

He Dines with the Great Trust Buster and Tells Him About Busting Trusts.



## Mrs. Nagg and Mr.

By Roy L. McCardell.

(Copyright, 1904, by the Press Publishing Company, The New York World.)

"Why am I sad to-day? Don't ask me, Mr. Nagg, don't ask me."

"Mother was here this morning worrying the life out of me. I am never in good spirits, but what she must come and sit around and groan about her health and about money matters till I go almost mad."

"Why don't I tell her to go home?"

"Why, Mr. Nagg, you forget she is all I have to comfort me! Brother Willie is so young and only thinks of his boyish sports. You are never home except for your meals and then you are so glum and grumpy I am afraid to say a word to you. And you would deny me the only happiness I have in this world, the comfort of a mother's tender care!"

"What would I do if my dear mother didn't come to stay with me for a few months at a time? She is so unselfish and devoted that she will spend the rest of her days with me if she can only sell her house in Brooklyn."

"Brother Willie won't live in Brooklyn. He stays with us because he knows I am fond of him, because he knows his presence and thoughtfulness cheer me so."

"Yes, I will admit he is a nuisance around the house and comes in at all hours singing and shouting, and I suspect he is lazy and no account, but I will not let you or anybody else say a word to him because he is only a boy."

"I know you do not want my mother to come to see me, I know you do not want my brother to visit me as he has been for the last year or two, but if I have to use of my tolling and struggling to keep the house together? If it wasn't for the baby I would go somewhere and board, because I have worked myself nearly to death looking after this house, and what thanks do I get?"

"Who can one trust? How do I know where you are when you say you are kept late at the office? You looked tired and say it is because business is bad, but you may be leading a double life for all I know."

"If you had the things to worry you I have! Ah, then there would be some excuse for you. I have worries and sorrows, but I try to hide them from the world. I never say anything about them for it is my way to make every one around me happy."

"I never let little things worry me, but all this day I have been annoyed to death because the milkman left a bottle of milk that was sour. Of course the girl forgot to bring it in and it stood out in the sun all morning, but if it had not been sour in the first place standing in the sun a couple of hours would not have hurt it."

"Those are just a few things I have to bother me while you are down town at business, with nothing to worry you; and then you come home and sit and groan and look as if I were boring you to death when I try to be cheerful and make you happy."

"The girl says she is going to leave because she doesn't like the place, and then she is mad because I stopped out of her wages the price of a cut glass bowl, she dropped and broke when Brother Willie tried to kiss her. You know how playful he is, and yet that girl hates the sight of him."

"Where are you going, Mr. Nagg? You have to go to lodge? That is always the way. I never sit down to have a cheerful little chat with you but what you run out."

"What is the use of keeping house for a man? What is the use of being always smiling and happy? What is the use of avoiding unpleasant topics and trying to be interesting to your husband? Men don't appreciate that sort of thing. They don't appreciate anything. And yet a wife can sit home and worry herself sick about them. I think I'll put on my hat and run over to Mrs. Terwilliger's."

"I never let little things worry me, but all this day I have been annoyed to death because the milkman left a bottle of milk that was sour. Of course the girl forgot to bring it in and it stood out in the sun all morning, but if it had not been sour in the first place standing in the sun a couple of hours would not have hurt it."

"Those are just a few things I have to bother me while you are down town at business, with nothing to worry you; and then you come home and sit and groan and look as if I were boring you to death when I try to be cheerful and make you happy."

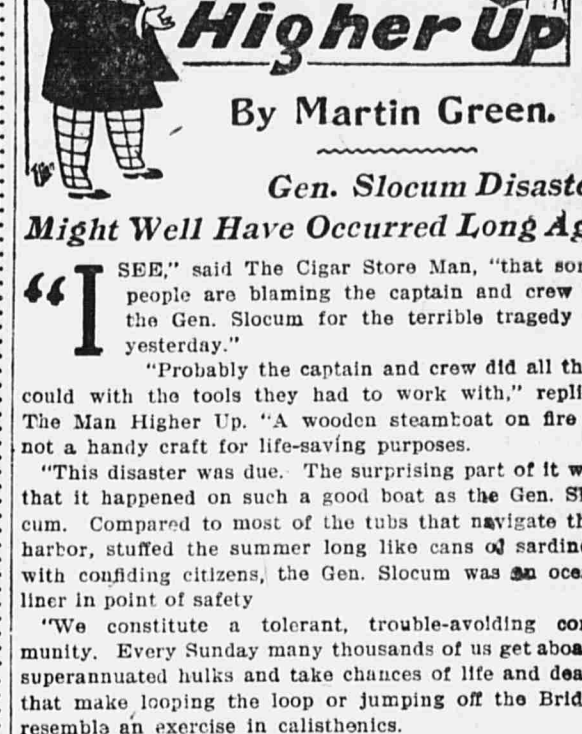
"The girl says she is going to leave because she doesn't like the place, and then she is mad because I stopped out of her wages the price of a cut glass bowl, she dropped and broke when Brother Willie tried to kiss her. You know how playful he is, and yet that girl hates the sight of him."

"Where are you going, Mr. Nagg? You have to go to lodge? That is always the way. I never sit down to have a cheerful little chat with you but what you run out."

"What is the use of keeping house for a man? What is the use of being always smiling and happy? What is the use of avoiding unpleasant topics and trying to be interesting to your husband? Men don't appreciate that sort of thing. They don't appreciate anything. And yet a wife can sit home and worry herself sick about them. I think I'll put on my hat and run over to Mrs. Terwilliger's."

## The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.



"SEE," said The Cigar Store Man, "that some people are blaming the captain and crew of the Gen. Slocum for the terrible tragedy of yesterday."

"Probably the captain and crew did all they could with the tools they had to work with," replied The Man Higher Up. "A wooden steamboat on fire is not a handy craft for life-saving purposes."

"This disaster was due. The surprising part of it was that it happened on such a good boat as the Gen. Slocum. Compared to most of the tubs that navigate this harbor, stuffed the summer long like cans of sardines, with confiding citizens, the Gen. Slocum was an ocean liner in point of safety."

"We constitute a tolerant, trouble-avoiding community. Every Sunday many thousands of us get aboard supernannated hulks and take chances of life and death that make looping the loop or jumping off the Bridge resemble an exercise in callisthenics."

"I have been on excursion boats going down the bay on which there was not room for another person. The careless crowd, squeezing to one side or the other of the boat, would make her list until the fact that whole decks didn't slide off into the water made one believe in the doctrine of miracles. A strong man can kick the side out of some of the boats that carry crowds away from the piers of this town on excursions. There are not sufficient life-preservers aboard the average boat to save one-tenth of the people comprising a load. On most of the boats the life-preservers are nailed to the roofs of the cabins with slats and spikes of strength enough to allow a person of medium weight to skin the cat on them."

"This will be an awful lesson," remarked The Cigar Store Man.

"Yes it will," retorted The Man Higher Up. "In a couple of months the same old crowds will be taking chances on the same old boats and inquiries about the Gen. Slocum disaster will reveal that to nearly all of the people of the city it is a nebulous memory."

## Little Facts from France.

In a snail-eating contest in Paris a few days ago the victor ate 243 snails.

A constabulary rifle weighing seventeen tons has been mounted at Havre.

A Paris jewelry clerk says he was hypnotized for fifteen minutes while the hypnotist stole a lot of diamond rings.

A society has been founded in Paris for the prehistoric study of France.

A sportsman has been fined \$30 for shooting a carrier pigeon in flight.

All electric wires in Paris are underground.

Fifty years' imprisonment was the sentence recently given a seventeen-year-old Lyons footpad.

In the last year France has imported over 2,000,000 watches from the United States, mostly of the dollar kind.

## The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

**IDIOTORIAL PAGE OF THE EVENING FUDGE**

**Why Men Refuse to Go to Jail.**  
It is Cheaper to Fill Prisons than to Extract Them.  
(Copyright, 1904, by the Planet Pub. Co.)

answer it. We are going to answer it ANYWAY, so you may as well ask.

In the days of our grandfathers men were in the HABIT of going to jail. Each cell was thronged with happy faces. Yet to-day FEW men go to jail UNLESS THEY HAVE TO. SEVERAL OF THE MOST PROMINENT citizens of New York have NEVER ONCE been in jail! THIS MUST BE STOPPED.

Warden Johnson of Sing Sing informs the Editor of the EVENING FUDGE that DOZENS OF HIS MOST COMMODIOUS CELLS ARE EMPTY. There must be a reason for this, and THE EVENING FUDGE has looked it up as follows: THE MODERN JAIL IS NOT MADE SUFFICIENTLY ATTRACTIVE.

Let each jail and prison be equipped with a theatre, a race track, a bathing beach and mountain scenery. Let a corps of attendants be employed to make guests feel thoroughly AT HOME. Discipline, however, MUST NOT be relaxed. If any inmate stays out after midnight REFUSE TO ADMIT HIM AT ALL. Let him sleep at a hotel.

The Editor of the EVENING FUDGE is sure that when the above reforms have been carried out, jail attendance will once more pick up, and warden, turnkeys, etc., will no longer be left to pine in solitude.

The Jails MUST be filled. IT IS CHEAPER TO FILL THEM THAN TO EXTRACT THEM.